



THE CORADDI

MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 36

DECEMBER, 1931

NUMBER 3

PUBLISHED BY NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Subscription Rate Per Year \$1.50

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Merry Christmas

The Coraddi staff

extends

to its public

the heartiest of

Holiday Greetings

Happy New Year

Masks

By ARLINE FONVILLE

THERE was once a far-off land inhabited by people who were quite as wise and quite as foolish as we are and much the same in many ways except that it was impossible for any one of them ever to see another's face because each of them wore a mask, beautifully made and securely fastened. It was the custom of the realm that each mother before the birth of her child, fashion for him a mask that he wore wherever he went; and no mask was ever quite the same, for each mother fashioned it after the desires she held for her child. Yet each mask was somewhat alike, for all were made after the pattern of the realm. That a child should wear a mask too greatly unlike the pattern would have branded him as inhuman.

Each child received his mask at birth—smooth, white, and very beautiful; and he was doomed to wear it wherever he went. But as time passed, it changed, and grew to have a character all its own. Many things made their mark upon it, until each mask differed greatly from the others, yet was still somewhat the same. Some were gay things, while others were touched with sorrow.

So much did the people grow to love their masks that they fashioned also a mask for their God, another for their Government, and still another for their Religion; and the greatest crime of the realm was that one should snatch away the mask from his own or another's face.

Thus it came to pass that mankind in this far-off country grew contented to wear its mask and went its way in peace. And he who rebelled against the custom was laughed at or ignored. Those who tried to reveal the face of Government and God were laughed at for their pains, and those who snatched the masks from their own faces were shunned. But those who revealed the face of others suffered most, for no man could endure to look on the bare face of a lover or friend and live. So much a protection had their masks become that to bare a face was to bare the thoughts. Many faces were horrible to see, being unbelievably cruel and selfish, yet often holding, too, something of unsuspected beauty. Therefore to him who revealed the face of man was given the worst punishment. So did the sight haunt him that he would straightway run and dash himself from a high cliff that he might forget the horror of the sight. And mankind continued to wear its mask as before, saying, "there was a fool who would not believe what he saw."

Prayer

I, who have given my life to singing words,
And built my altars to the things they say,
Pray that before my spent life falls to dust
I may but mold them for a single day,
Bent plastic to my will and finely wrought
To mirror all these shining things I've thought.

May I, in whom unsatisfied desire
Eats at the soul like the relentless rust,
But once make words my willing slaves express
The beauty that my heart declares I must.
To speak is pleasure only those can reach
Who have viewed beauty, mute, and wept for speech.

ARLINE FONVILLE



Lust

To scale the mountain heights and gaze on turrets gray;
To pause on sun-lit tree tops and pluck their crimson fray;
To promenade the cloudlets and watch their palest hue
Drift into pearly shades of dusk and midnight blue.

To touch the egg-shaped moon and sear my eager hand:
To bathe in silver dew before it drops to land;
To rub my eyes in star-light and gather up the dust
For memory books and souvenirs of some unworldly lust.

JEAN SMITH CANTRELL



Marriage, Objectively Speaking

Marriage is an interlude between early industry and later realization.

Jo Lichtenfels



Marriage is the union of two fools—but I'd like to try it.

Helen Comer



Marriage is living for somebody else as you once lived for yourself.

Virginia Daugherty



Marriage is a give-and-take experiment that should be mostly giving, but is usually mostly taking.

Daisy Young



Marriage is an institution as necessary to the human race as religion (and just about as useless).

Millie Ogden



Marriage for women is the solution for unemployment.

Margaret Kendrick



Marriage is the attempt of law to control nature.

Roberta Johnson



Marriage is like the Piggly Wiggly stores. It is found in every neighborhood all over the world.

Pansy McConnell



Marriage is our greatest desire, and our fondest illusion.

Pickett Henderson



Marriage is a step toward divorce.

Betty Adkerson

"Christ! What Are Patterns For?"

By ROBERTA JOHNSON

IT is no new idea—this of patterns. We are all familiar in various degrees with Amy Lowell's conception of life as a pattern. Most of us know her lines: "I too am a rare pattern as I walk down the garden paths . . . Christ! What are patterns for?" To Miss Lowell all of life was a pattern—a moziac in which each convention of the race, each action of humanity took its place, a bit of darkness being necessary for the splotches of light.

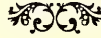
There is another conception of patterns in lines—that of characters. Each man's life is different—as different as the snowflakes, no matter how much they may seem alike to interested or disinterested outsiders. The border design is all too often commonplace, and we, failing to glance beyond the outline of the patterns are often prone to place, in one great sweep, all of humanity on the same level. It is for this reason that a plea is ever to be heard for understanding, for sympathy, for interest enough to look within the pattern.

As in all patterns, these of human life and characters are made of a variety of color. Some are made in many shadings of one color. These highly specialized patterns are called "genius" stating the color in terms of "art" or "science." Other patterns are built of the three primary colors, red, blue, and yellow; these we often call "pioneers." Some are made in analogous colors—violet, red and orange—with a unity of red through it all, and these we name leaders, statesmen, patriots. Most of the designs we see, however, contain a multiplicity of color—little dabs of green, blue, and lavender, smaller bits of black, deep purple and scarlet. And each color is called in our every day language by some other name. We name red as "courage," blue as "truth," white as "purity," black as "despair," gold as "happiness." A lifetime is well spent if in the end these are patched correctly and pleasingly together to make a design of an average person's life.

Some patterns are smaller than others and take less time accordingly for completion. Yet no matter how large a design may be, it is the obligation of everyone to tint and complete his pattern of life. Deplorable indeed is that man who fails to finish his pattern—who leaves blank the spots intended for blackness or for greyness, for he will never learn to drink deep—to touch life to the core, to love her sorrows and her pain as

much as he enjoys her pleasures. A man who knows courage, who knows strength and truth has still a necessity for learning the pain of disappointment even in self. A man who neglects his shades of patience finds at the end that he must fill in monotonously each place in his pattern that needs a deep brown, a midnight blue, and a rich green of sorrow.

Each is different—as only such patterns can be. Often many patterns are designed in deliberate imitation of a preceding design, but even in such cases the coloring and the designer is different. None can ever be alike. “Christ! what are patterns for?” Patterns—patterns of humanity are goals of achievement in life itself.



Fatality

Ivory minaret,
Brazen, bronze sky,
Waving palms
A beggar sits beneath the shadow of the wall.
In rage—palsied—he stares past the hurry of a world of men,
Rich in food, warmth, and love,
And mumbles between withered, toothless lips trembling beneath
The weight of age-old wisdom——
“Surely Allah sleeps in the
Heat of the noon-day sun.”

LOUISE KING



A Modest Proposal to Keep the Home Fires Burning

By ELIZABETH BARBER

A WOMAN'S *yes* may unquestionably mean *no*. It has also been irrefutably proved that her *no* may be a *yes*. Many a wise man has become a mere husband at the utterance of a soprano *yes*. Fools have made use of a Colt at the instigation of a *no*. What man hasn't frantically torn his hair at the feminine indefiniteness of "Well, yes and no."

All of the foregoing and much more raced through John Cardigan's mind as he sat stiffly in his end of the canoe. Miserably he wondered if Carolyn would keep him waiting forever. She couldn't possibly realize how much it mattered to him; for, if she did understand, this timid delay would be impossible.

Resolutely he pulled his eyes from Carolyn's flushed and downcast face and forced them to view the scene around him. The night was perfect; warm, but with a cool breeze forcing the small waves in a faint slosh, slosh against the canoe. The stillness was incredible. It seems impossible to believe that around the cove awaited a brilliantly illuminated and gaily-thronged hotel, noisy with orchestras and the happy laughter of vacationing people. Here, out of the stillness, an owl called its mate plaintively and the cry echoed around the shore. Awakened, a white crane arose from its nest among the reeds and ghostily flapped its way across the dark expanse of water into the shadow of the pines and cedars. Overhead the clouds, fluffy as eiderdown, frisked impishly across the moon's face. When they raced on, the moon shone down once more to make of Carolyn's flimsy wrap a veritable silver mantle, and to make of her face the realization of a man's dream.

John Cardigan could bear the loveliness around him no longer. "Dearest," he said softly, urgently, "answer me, I love you so. If you would only say 'yes' we could be alone once more. Happy? We'd be wonderfully happy. Just we two." Eagerly he bent forward to see her face more perfectly. "What did you say, dear?" he asked gently.

"Yes," said Carolyn.

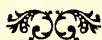
John Cardigan paused to wipe his damp brow before reaching down into the bottom of the canoe to pick up a peculiar ball of white which rested complacently at Carolyn's feet. Peter, the poodle, glared at him from his stupid eyes and wiggled his fluffy body. John Cardigan glared

back at the poodle; then deliberately lowered him over the edge of the canoe.

Hastily he bent his portly self over the paddle. There was no need to let Carolyn witness that struggle. "Now," he panted, "we won't have to get a divorce."

"No," murmured Carolyn as she applied a fresh coating of lipstick. "Now I'll get that adorable little Pekinese I saw last week," she thought.

"I need a cocktail," gasped fat John Cardigan as he paddled around the bend of the cove.



Ivy Vines

I watch
The patterned loveliness
Of ivy arms across gray stone
When east wind lightly lifts the leaves
And billows them in soft semblance of the sea.
Tears are in my eyes.
But still
Across the solitude
A warning note of winter rings
From wild geese flying overhead
And sounds the death-knell of the leaves;
They daily turn a sort of crimson red which burns
And sears my heart.
And yet
The promise of new birth,
The sacred hope of re-created life
Is found among those brown and broken leaves,
In every small and secret seed that lies and lives
In ivy and in me.

CECILE RICHARDS

Smsirohpa

(WITH APOLOGIES)

The sweet potato in the dish laughs at the one being eaten; the one being eaten goes its way rejoicing.



The electric light goes out; the room is dark.



The silhouette leads a life of mourning.



The toasted marshmallow sneers at the raw one because he is fatter.



The little golf ball peers from behind the tree hiding from its owner.



The china doll keeps grinning because it is made that way.



Vanity and idleness make their presence conspicuous by their frequent appearance in formal garb.

E PLURIBUS UNUM



Wounded

It is not by the woeful cries you Give,
That I know you are wounded,
Nor by the expression you bear on your Face,
But by the artistic arrangement of the pretty white Gauze
That the Doctor has charged to your Dad.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

Faith

By CECILE RICHARDS

HERE lived a girl in our time who could not exist without faith. Now this was a strange thing—it marked her as peculiar among her fellows, for all of them lived gayly, haphazardly, without much thought of any god, nor any steadfast trust.

As it happened, Margaret endured solely by leaning upon someone or something. She was unable to comprehend the possibility of life without faith. She had the power of implicit trust. That is why I take the trouble to record her little history—it may have a lesson for any since her time who feel that they, too, must needs have a god whom they can worship—it may teach them that the only endurable life is that one which calmly accepts, but does not trust, what comes along.

* * * * *

Margaret was called "Baby" at first. Her mother thought her a beautiful child, and, since she had an eye for effects, would exhibit her Baby to all comers: "See," she would say, "what a lovely thing I have produced." Margaret throve on this adulation; she thought it due to the love and tenderness of a devoted parent; therefore, she worshipped her mother with her whole heart.

There is an old adage about babies. If they are pretty, they will be pretty again in maturity—but during their adolescent years, they must be ugly. Poor little Margaret! She suffered terribly with those queer, undefined, half-physical, half-spiritual pains of gawky girlhood. And her first idol crashed when her mother began to hide her away, shove her into corners when company came, and bestow upon her baby brother that fond parental praise. "Marg'ret" became self-conscious, shy. She avidly read books, wherein she could forget herself. She seized upon anything which could serve this purpose. It was at this time that God became apparent to her. Not just any god, not the idealistic, considerate, effaceable God of civilization, but the thundering Jehovah of the Hebrews. At a revival meeting she saw Him. He came upon her in a cloud colored with emotion, fired by wrath, conquering by vengeance. She knelt, with a motley crowd at that ordinary Methodist evangelistic service, and at the hands of a sincere but unlearned man she received the Holy Ghost. He guided her, indeed. She founded her youth upon Him, just as surely

as she had founded her childhood on her mother. Now she had a Directing Force. Her life flowed into channels of service for others; she had a routine of prayer and church and Scripture study. Wholly engrossed in her God, she neglected all else.

Margaret grew up, amazingly. By some strange alchemy her hunger for spiritual bread changed into a thirst for the living waters of knowledge. She went to college. And because she had a keen and intelligent mind, which grasped new things eagerly; because her perceptions were quickened by the new sights she saw, the new books she read, a whole new world was opened to her. Gradually her powerful, omnipotent God receded into the limbo of forgotten things. She thought of Him occasionally, but with a sort of impatience at His persistence in the face of overwhelming obstacles. The obstacles overcame her. She surrendered—became a disciple of the latest trends of thought. Because of her need for trust in something she became restless. In lectures, books, theories, she looked for her prophet. Finally, with her growing sense of personal importance, she found her new deity in—herself.

With what passionate devotion she made herself divine, it is impossible for me to describe. It seems incredible that Baby, with her self-effacing adoration for her mother, that Margaret, with her transcendent worship of God, could be this same Margaret, who loved no one but herself. She made Margaret, her ideal, out of Margaret, her old abhorrence. "My motto is," she would proclaim with arrogance to her astonished (and amused as well as resentful) classmates, "Do what you like and pay no attention to anybody else."

It must be admitted that Margaret did a rather good job of it. She made herself clever, witty, attractive. And because of this very reason, another element entered into her life—capacity for friendship. In these associates of hers she found girls and boys who were better than she. It ruined her poise, made her humble, lost her self-confidence, but she became another person.

She was Peggy—Peggy, the life of the "crowd" and the most popular girl in her town (back at home now, she was what is known as a society butterfly). Poor Peggy! She had a good time—it was impossible not to, when she gave her time and money and intelligence wholeheartedly in pursuit of pleasures with her friends—those friends whom she now worshipped. Of course they loved her in return. Therein lay Peggy's downfall. One night, at a gay dance, she did a queer thing—"how utterly absurd of her," everyone said. She ran away with a boy of her set, a boy who held approximately the same position as her own in the town.

They did it "just for a lark." The truth of the matter was that Peggy was becoming restless. Her friends no longer satisfied her deeply-seated urge for something great to worship. Her sorrow was that Bobby couldn't furnish it. Peggy marked time in her new lovely home.

It was inevitable that Peggy fall in love with Michael. They were as fated a pair as the star-crossed lovers that Shakespeare tells about. Michael called her Marga. Together, they did everything. And Marga gave him her mind and soul and body.

I wish I could stop Marga's history here at this peak of happiness, but it is too late. I must relate the pitiful ending.

Michael was—just a man. The day that he left Marga, left her never to return, seared a scar on her soul. She became careless of everything. It was natural that Bobby should object violently to her slatternly ways, and, when he found out the truth of her liaison with Michael, send her away with a storm of righteous anger. He should not be blamed. The pity of it was that he had really loved Marga.

After that, it was not long before Marga was transformed into Peg. Peg deliberately invited the world to come and behold her disintegration. There were many who ridiculed her, more who disdained, and a few who covertly kept her going. She didn't care. She once more had a new God. Her god, her love was Death. She waited for him in a sort of dull apathy, which nothing could shake. And when he came, he proved stronger than all her other idols. Baby, Margaret, Peggy, Marga, Peg—he destroyed them all and gave to Margaret the supreme gift: requited love.



Skyscraper, Skywriter

Man, a mighty titan,
Arrogant, insolent, drunk with power he cannot lose,
Plunges a spire, silver tipped,
Into the crimson of a dying sun
And scrawls, in letters tip-tilted,
Across a mauve sky
His scorn of little things.

LOUISE KING

Gray Symphony

There is a gray calm in
Quiet streets that dream while
Wise folks sleep.
It creeps to the window of my soul
And unbidden slips through the bars;
Secure in secrecy it dares to show its day-hoarded treasures
To eager eyes:
From beneath a midnight cloak
It draws forth a
Tiny earthen jar
And pours into my outstretched
Hands
Seeds of silver-falling rain—
Sunlight pattering upon leaves—music of grasses singing to a
Blind wind—a wee black feather from some
Transient wing—still dust of butterfly gold—the gleam
Of sword-lights on wet pavements—the bitter tang of leaf-smoke.
I shyly bend over
This priceless store
And dare not risk words in empty praise of their beauty.
Man destroys that he loves most with ruthless
Hands that do not understand
Frailty.
Dreams are butterflies with minute, perfect lives.
All my care is for naught—I cannot stay their going.
Dawn rushes in with reckless haste and
Steals my dream away.

LOUISE KING



Strange, I who have borne beauty without tears,
And stood almost unmoved by Spring's bright sway,
Should find I could nor bear to watch your eyes
Keep silent at the aching things I say.

ARLINE FONVILLE

The Star

By ROSALIND TRENT

MIKE KELLY liked to watch that star. He made it his business to see it every morning even if it did make a regular "softy" of him. It was queer how such a little thing as a star could make a fellow feel choked; queerer still how it made him remember all the things he had rather forget and still keep him wanting to see it again. It was just by chance that Mike saw his star for the first time. He had wakened very eagerly and the star had been shining through the little barred window above his head. Mike had looked at it; thought of all the things he usually scoffed at and then—he'd have died rather than have the mob know it—cried like a kid.

Now, turning away from his friends absorbed in their grim task, he stared out over the snowy roofs to where undimmed by the faint light of dawn the star shone in the west. He remembered a yarn that sky-pilots told about a star and a baby and three kings. All bosh, he knew, but——

"Say, Mike, what youse got your lamp stuck on?" Monkey O'Hara demanded lifting his eyes from a rapt scrutiny of a machine gun mounted on the table.

"Star out there."

"Say, is 'at all youse got to do? Come on an' keep dis baby aimed on the street. We don't want to miss him again."

"Shan't neither," Mike growled, "I'm leaving here."

Boss Dovanon slowly replaced the shells he had taken from the gun. "Why, Mike?" he asked quietly.

Mike pulled on his coat. "It's Christmas Day," he said, "an' I ain't gonna croak no guy on Christmas."

The door slammed behind him.

Monkey O'Hara rose eagerly, "Want I should get him, Boss?"

Boss Dovanon paused then, "No," he decided, "leave him alone. He'll get over it. I used to see stars myself. Let's get on with the gun."

If

By MIRIAM BLOCK

THOUGH I have traveled for fifteen years for the American Chemical Supply Company, there have been very few times that I have seen policemen on the train. After you have traveled as long as I have, you learn to pick one or two people in the car you think would be interesting to talk to. And the few policemen I have talked with always seemed to know some news or scandal that you can't read in the papers.

This policeman that I saw on my last trip to New Rochelle was a fine looking fellow. He was a big, well built man, with distinguished looking features. If he had had on a regular suit, I should have taken him to be a big business man. But the unusual thing about him was that he had on his uniform. If I remembered right, a policeman wasn't supposed to wear his uniform unless he was on duty. There must be something wrong somewhere, then, if there was, I was going to find it out.

I watched for a chance to go over and speak, but there seemed to be no occasion. Instead of reading or looking around at the people, he sat with his elbow propped on the window-sill, and his head leaning against his hand. He just stared blankly, and every now and then bit absently on the end of his finger.

When the porter gave the last call for dinner, he still sat. I felt that he hadn't even heard the porter, so I mustered up courage enough to go over to him.

"Beg your pardon, but did you hear the last call to dinner?" I asked him.

He jumped, startled.

"Dinner? Last call? Funny. I hadn't heard. Thanks."

"I haven't eaten either. Perhaps we could eat together," I ventured.

He was the hardest man I've ever tried to talk to. He was very polite, and answered all my questions, but only in the very shortest replies. He scarcely touched what he ordered. With that same worried, glassy expression, he stared out the diner window.

When we returned to the other car I, still determined to find out the whereabouts of this policeman, sat down beside him.

"Would you like to read my paper?" I asked, drawing it from my coat pocket.

Abruptly, he turned to me. I noticed his eyes were bloodshot.

He said, almost fiercely, "Paper? I hope I never see another one!"

Then quite suddenly he smiled, and said, "Sorry, sir. I'm not myself. Didn't mean to be rough."

He seemed more relaxed and at ease now. Again, he turned to me.

"You see, I got some awful bad news in the paper this morning. That's why I don't want to see one."

"Oh, that's perfectly all right. Forget it."

"Guess people think I'm on a raid or something,—wearing this suit on the train."

Here was my chance!

"Yes, I thought perhaps you were."

"No, something awful happened last night. I haven't had time to change any clothes. Everything seems so—so—"

He was still sort of staring off into space as he talked.

Daringly, yet cautiously, I asked, "What happened?"

Then, as though he were off in the distance somewhere, he told me this:

"I'm on duty in the City down at Kendall's Park from eight till six. Well, 'long about five-thirty I noticed a girl sitting down on one of the benches. Course, I don't usually take notice to such things, but this girl was dressed so different, I couldn't help it. You could tell that all her clothes—her shoes, coat, and hat were once good clothes. It's funny how you could tell it, because they were worn plumb to shreds, but somehow, you just could. I couldn't help looking at her every time I passed. She had deep circles way under her eyes and her face was real thin and sad looking. But there was something pretty about her. I guess it was the way her hair blew in little soft brown curls around her face.

"It was funny the way she sort of shrunk back and held her coat around her a little tighter every time I would pass anywhere near her. Finally, I sat on a bench not far from her to look at the paper. There were two ads I wanted to tear out: one of them was a job I thought I'd tell my Cousin Annie about and the other was what I believed to be a "red-light house" that ought to be cleared out.

"Just as I finished tearing them out I looked up, and saw the girl standing in front of me. In a soft, trembling voice, she asked, looking like a frightened child, 'Please, when you get through with the advertising section, would you mind letting me see it just a minute?'

"I told her she could have it, and asked her if she was looking for a job. Still looking like she was scared to death of me, she said she'd been looking for one for two weeks. She looked so pitiful, that I decided she

needed the job worse than Annie, so I gave her the ad I had clipped out of the paper.

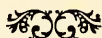
"I'm pretty sure they'll give you a job. Just tell them Webster sent you. They know me.

"She was so happy, she didn't even ask me any more about the job. She thanked me and because she was about to cry, she darted off.

"This morning, when I first went on, I sat down on the same bench to read the morning paper. It's funny how things catch your eye, but almost the first thing I noticed was a short article with the heading 'Suicide on 11th Street.' That was the street with the house on it I was going to raid in a few hours, so I read it. It was about a girl whose description exactly fitted that one I talked to in the park—to a T. She jumped off the bridge at about seven o'clock, it said. Nobody knew who she was.

"All of a sudden, I got cold all over. I reached my hand in my pocket and pulled out the other ad I had saved. I had given her the wrong one. I had sent her to the red-light house! Poor, timid, little soul must have thought that I believed she was a street-walker and wanted that kind of work. She was so near the end of the ropes, anyway, that I guess she just gave up then.

"I went straight to the coroner's in that section. Poor kid, she still looked frightened and cold to me. Her, with her soft hair, a prostitute! And I don't even know who she was. The only thing I could find out was that all her clothes came from Terry's and Newman's, the two best stores in New Rochelle. I caught the next—this train to see if anybody there knows anything about her. If I could only forget that frightened look on her face. If—if—God,—if I had only given her the right one!"



Pickpocket

Golden stars and a silver moon
Hide in the pocket of the day;
Easy-fingered, stealthy night
Steals them out for his display.

J. W.

Lobe Stair

By MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS

THERE was something about the delicate fragility of her small being that made him feel sorry for her. Those white little arms, that tranquil face, those eyes with their quaint appeal went straight to his heart—and yet, did he really have a heart? It was true that he had lost all love for her.

She was very tiny, standing there on the landing of the stairway. Her hair, dark and smooth, drawn back from her face, the soft knot at her neck, the shining blackness of her gown—all of this made him resolve that he would be good to her. She should never know that he had ceased to care. Life would be miserable under the circumstances . . . year after year of living deception, but he would see it through somehow.

She had been a cold little thing when he was wooing her. It had taken years of patient courtship to persuade her that she should marry him. He had thought he loved her desperately. But now——

She was his bride. He would try to be kind to her—but what a terrible life ahead for him! It was like being up against a stone wall. No place to turn.

She was slowly mounting the stairs now. It was a long way to the top. Five generations of happy brides had climbed that same staircase. They were called the love stairs, and the picturesque name suited them well. They were long and winding and built of jagged stone . . .

He watched her until she had almost reached the top step. A whirlwind of thoughts was in his mind. He wondered why such a fate should come to him. This strange, sad little creature was not the charming lady who had first won his heart. What was changed about her? There was nothing changed. It was he who was different. It was he who must suffer.

She was on the top step when her foot caught in the train of her dress, causing her to trip. She lost her balance and fell. Down eighteen steps she fell before he could reach her. Suddenly desperate, he rushed to where she lay and lifted her, a still, white heap, in his arms . . .

Christmas Medleys

Medley of crimson and silver
Light laughter, white parcels and song.
Glare of bloody flood lights
Of holly, oranges, toys,
Firecrackers
And the Madonna's face.

In the street a fat man sprawled himself out
And the crowd laughed.

Medley of crimson and tinsel
Tinsel—medley of tinsel.

ROBERTA JOHNSON



Medley of the noise of the rich
Silence of the poor,
Cracked laughter,
Of liquor and bodies,
Shadows—shadows of a closed door;
Of warped spirits,
Shivering children
And a frozen tear-stained face.

In the street a newsboy whistled a carol
And the work girl smiled.

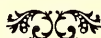
Medley of the noise of the rich
And the silence of the poor.
Shadows—cold shadows—
Shadows on the door.

MILLIE OGDEN

On Christmas Eve

I remember when I was very small
Stretching small arms to reach the mantel tall
To hang a little stocking there;
I was sure when it was filled
Some angel, pausing in mid-flight,
Would bless it hanging there alone.
Tonight, all I know I'd give
Just to know that angels care
For little socks on Christmas night.

ROSALIND TRENT



Christmas

We have waited a long while;
The rain is soaking my body,
Freezing my heart.
Are you dead?
How shrill these stupid girls' voices
Sending hot lances
Of agony through the top
Of my head.
And they tell me it's Christmas.
Are you dead?

MILLIE OGDEN



Poems

By HELENE COOGAN

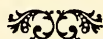
"A poet's never really good
Until he's lost his love," they state.
Did you then think by doing this
You'd make me poet laureate?



You've taken love and you've taken laughter,
You've taken my songs—but see if I care.
Only oblivion follows disaster—
You even forgot to leave memory there.



I'm learning fast and I'm learning well:
Love them and leave them along the way.
"I think it was friendship?" I heard you say;
Your notion of friendship is mine—of Hell.



Lines to a Philosopher's Daughter

There lies within your movements a repose
That lightly sits like shadows on a rose;
Your eyes are secret citadels of light
Not to be read that they might cease to write
Their lovely thoughts in glances recondite;
Etched on your face are images of thought
That fellowship with all that's fine has wrought.

But more to me than ways so calm and wise:
In my private creed you have "my kind" of eyes.

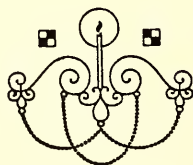
CELESTE MIMS

EDITORIAL

IN the midst of Christmas shopping, rushing through mobs, mailing packages, and in the case of our immediate community, buying railroad tickets and catching trains, we are quite likely to allow the true significance of Christmas to slip past us. We hear every day that ours is a changed civilization of speed in locomotion, communication, and even on attitude. This we find true, also in our attitude toward Christmas.

At present we are facing a crisis in our financial situation and we hear constantly the word "depression." We hear the word "give" on every hand until we feel that there is nowhere anything left to give. Yet, all too often, in our rushing days, we may fling carelessly a few cents into the box for the Salvation Army, or drop a coin nonchalantly to the cripple on the corner without a half consideration of the true idea of giving. This idea of Christmas giving is well described by that line of Coleridge: "The gift without the giver is bare."

Christmas giving, we believe, was originally intended as a pleasure for the giver himself as much or perhaps a little more so than for the receiver. If we would really appreciate the spirit of Christmas, we must consider carefully when we give our gifts. Perhaps we sound a bit selfish and also a little sentimental in our persistences that, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but we do want to get the fullest and deepest meaning of a "Merry Christmas."



BOOK REVIEW

ELSIE DINSMORE ON THE LOOSE. *By Josie Turner. New York. Jonathan Cape. 1930. \$2.00.*

Who has not wept with Elsie? Here is a chance for the reader to retaliate for early outbursts of sympathy before sophistication and disdain for the maudlin set in. This angelic little girl's goodness is here more accentuated than ever; in fact, so greatly emphasized that the reader begins to wonder. Did Elsie really think that her darling Papa bought the extra ticket to Florida for her? Does her father's frequent access to the "medicine" bottle never sink in? And was Elsie's remark to her Papa's lady-friend, "I wanted you to come to my party, but I feared that you were out of the city, as Papa suggested," entirely innocent?

No, no, we will not suspect dear Elsie for a moment, but rather say with her:

The golden rule, the golden rule,
Oh, that's the rule for me;
Were this the law for all the world,
How happy we should be.

The style is in excellent keeping with the character of the heroine, and the drawings by Eldon Kelly are quite hilarious.

THE LIFE OF THE ANT. *By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York. John Day. 1930. \$2.00.*

A philosophical, rather than scientific, study of this minute but extraordinarily intelligent insect. Otherwise insignificant actions of the ant are fraught with mystery and adventure. Their methods of warfare and their interesting customs, such as growing mushrooms, and enslaving plant lice for cattle, gives them a semi-human aspect.

The author, who is better known for the subtlety of his French plays, writes with the imaginative touch and interesting detail found in his earlier book of similar theme—*The Life of the Bee*.

With the exception of a few rather formidable nomenclatures, this is a book which will appeal to all readers interested in the philosophy of Maeterlinck and the eccentricities of nature.

Frances Gaut

Pen Feathers

On the Gentle Art of Boring

By A. B. C.

Quite recently the suggestion was made that a scientific research might be carried on that would deal with the decorated and undecorated ways of boring. Unfortunately a great thread of thinking began to weave itself in my thinking spindle and I almost became a supreme critic. To carry out this experiment I put the question before me that had been suggested to supplement the research: "Does this bore me?" The results are highly uninteresting I am sure, so I have most obligingly listed then for your perusal.

Before I begin on such a serious discussion allow me to say that I have not, as yet, discovered the most boring individual alive, but I am rapidly forming my conclusions, despite the fact that I am not certain what type can be the most nerve-racking. For that reason the groups shall not be listed according to their power, or prevalence, or intensity.

Concerning the first group—the word boring must have originally been used to describe those charming individuals who constantly talk international politics with me. As a matter of fact I am not widely read on the subject and my powers of bluff-conversation are not well enough prepared to allow me to talk with those people with any degree of intelligence. However I could stand being made to feel inferior if I did not have to listen to the Wepsterian difficulties at breakfast, the Cossacian entanglements at luncheon, the Woffridish trouble at dinner, and the general ill state of affairs in between meals. Even my sleep is troubled by the bedroom quarrels of some royal family and when I am troubled in my sleep, I am really bothered.

But I must not speak constantly of that one group. Heavens, no! It would never do to omit those fancy-borers, the gigglers. In my mind the word reeks of the inane and the process—I might almost say that is the height of boredom but that would be overlooking the group made up of those lovely people who adopt a patronizing air when they regard me.

Of course the air may be highly deserved, but meeting it everywhere is getting to be a trifle on my nerves. My neighbor at the dining table looks at me as though I were a chipmunk in the municipal zoo and would bestow more interest on me if I were.

Now the remaining part of the population I can abide, or rather, I can doze over. Their existence scarcely troubles me. However, after carrying out the original suggestion of research I've discovered one thing—a nice, simple, free-from-decoration form of boredom is to merely make the research under discussion.

And finally may it be known that I have decided not to be a critic.



The Greatest Joy of College

By HELEN COMER

In the jargon of my college days we called them thrills, those outstanding events that even yet are the milestones of those four wonderful years. My college days are over, and have been over for many years, but I still remember with the deepest pleasure my greatest thrills. They were examinations! Even the word fills me with such excitement that my hands tremble so that I can scarcely write.

With what joy and rapture did I hear the announcement that "tomorrow we will have a review of all that we have covered so far this semester." (A semester, by the way, is one of the divisions of the school term that we used in my day. Webster's Dictionary will give the definition of any equally strange words). I began at once to count the number of pages, and what bliss it was when I could say that there were five hundred, or more, pages to be reviewed that night, to say nothing of the other lessons that it was always my joy to prepare. I would not have to search for more work that night as I usually did, for the teachers in my day never gave us enough home work to do.

I never loitered at the P. O. (post office, we had to go for our mail then, it was not delivered to our rooms as in the colleges of today) on that day, but ran swiftly to my dormitory (another obsolete word), eager to begin to study. I always placed a sign on my door requesting that people please refrain from disturbing me. Then for hours I would peruse the five hundred pages. Thirstily I drank in every word, hungrily I digested each fact. Unwillingly I put the book aside to go to dinner, and eagerly I resumed it afterwards. On into the wee small hours of the night I crammed (this means to fill oneself with much

knowledge in a short time), the contents of the volume into my mind. Happy, but tired, I reluctantly put down the book in order to sleep a little before the coming event.

Happiness always made me nervous, does even yet, in fact; therefore, I was always rather weak just before the examination. With a large handkerchief I alternately mopped my brow and hands as I sat in the large room waiting for the questions to be passed around. I felt as a bride feels as she stands before the altar for the first time—filled with mingled happiness and anticipation.

Then, happiest of all moments, the questions were given out! I could hardly wait for the moment to come when the signal was given that meant for us to begin. How ravenously I read the questions and began to write the answers. We were always given too few questions for the length of time, even though I wrote on an average of thirty pages. When the teacher forced me to go, because the time was up, I left sadly, because that meant that another happy time was passed.

But examinations have been abolished, and that means that half of the joy of school and college has been taken away. My heart bleeds for those of the younger generation who will never experience those events that made my own college days so happy.



The Modern Cinderella

By MARGARET KENDRICK

Once upon a time—so it is that all fairy stories begin—not so very long ago, there lived a very wealthy man. Now, this man had been married twice. His first wife, a buxom beauty, had been killed soon after their marriage in an airplane accident. All that remained of this matrimonial adventure was a bouncing baby—our heroine, Cinderella. Cinderella's father had married again, this time a fashionable widow with two slenderly fashionable daughters.

Here the old order changeth giving place to new. All day the wicked step-sisters and the wicked step-mother worked, they mopped and they swept. While poor Cinderella had to sit in an easy chair with a box of chocolates and a novel. After the morning's strenuous labors

they (the step-sisters, of course) sat down to a meal of spinach, sauer kraut juice, and buttermilk. For lunch our heroine had chicken dumplings, candied sweet potatoes, hot chocolate, and gingerbread with whipped cream. All afternoon the step-sisters played golf or tennis until dinner, after which meager meal they went to the country club and danced until dawn. All afternoon Cinderella played solitaire or Russian Bank with her maid until dinner after which first she went to a movie or to the theatre and then to bed.

To the ancient story teller it would seem that Cinderella was not so badly treated after all, that her step-mother was not wicked, that her step-sisters were self-sacrificing rather than self-controlled. But such is not so—you forget it is fashionable to be slender, not to say extremely thin, and poor Cinderella was not fashionable and what woman can be happy unless she is fashionable?

Even as the story of our childhood had a happy ending so this tale ends happily. One night as Cinderella sat placidly by watching her step-sister scurry about dressing for a ball she decided (not suddenly—for fat people can't decide suddenly) she would like to go to the ball. Being a stolid person as well as a solid person she, after the departure of the family, draped herself for the ball. Although her step-sisters had walked a mile to get to their destination, Cinderella leisurely called a taxi, deposited herself in it and rode to the Country Club.

The spoiled son of the plutocrat, plutocrats having ousted kings in this day and age, had been having a hard time with all the scintillating scrawny women chasing him, making him dance when he wanted to sit. The plutocrat was disgusted with his son's attitude for little plutocrats for the rotogravure section of the paper. If it isn't too personal, I shall disclose to you a secret. Our hero had a complex, a genuine complex, even the best psychoanalysts admitted it. Of course no two called it the same name, but he had one there can be no doubt. When he was a little boy he had had a lonely mother, with a lonely soft lap on which he had sat, and a nice breast on which he had laid his head. Always he was looking for a woman like his mother, who didn't golf all afternoon and eat lamp chops and green peas. So when Cinderella made her appearance Need we finish?

And were the step-sisters mad! Which only goes to prove that complexes are dangerous things and fashion a fickle mistress.

Necessarily Anonymous

The Rhymed Unlogic of a College Lunatic

If	And Summer
Anybody	Has
Mentions	An Awful
Spring,	Way
I	Of Slipping
Think	Past Us
I'll	Day
Throw	By day,
The	Till
Nearest	Once again
Thing—	If truth
It's	Must tell,
Much	We're back
Too	Once more
Close	To
to	Winter.
Summer.	Hell!

Wotta Life.



In Class

Day after day in a class-room I sit
Listening to the ravings of a pure half-wit;
I count to sixty and the clock gives a click.
Sixty clicks an hour make you sick.
O, you big chiefs of the college,
Who preach "Don't waste your time,"
I'd like to know what you would do
If you were in a class like mine.

CRITIKS---CHANGE

The October issue of the *Winthrop Journal* we would commend as good and well arranged. "Muted Strings" is an excellent story; the poem, "The Land of Dreams," appeals to us especially. The editorial, "Challenging Depression," is cheering and contains good common sense. We like the book reviews.

* * * *

The Erothesian in its fall issue presents a variety of material which is well-balanced. The story, "The Twenty-Fifth October," holds the reader's interest through pity for the characters in their unhappiness; though the plot is simple enough, it is heart-holding. "Old Hallowe'en Customs" is an interesting account.

* * * *

The Sun Dial is one of the best of our exchanges. This magazine has a most attractive cover. The October issue contains varied material interesting to almost any type of reader. "Consolation," with its light tone, is an amusing piece. "The Maiden's Prayer" is quite a clever poem. "Candlelight Love," "Longing," and "Revelation" show Marika Hellstrom to be a talented poetess.

* * * *

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